

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1908.

DEEP SEA TALES BY COMMANDERS OF THE  
BIG OCEAN LINERSNO. 1  
THE GREAT CLIPPER SHIP RACEBY CAPT. C. A. BARTLETT  
COMMANDER OF THE CEDRIC  
WHITE STAR LINE

**A** RACE at sea between two clipper ships is always exciting. Even a race between two or more ocean going tugs whose captains are bent on securing a prize the towing fee that some incoming sailing ship will bring them is interesting to watch.

Of course, the landman believes that the acme of marine sport has been reached while witnessing a race between two of the great international yachts. But, take my word for it, he has missed the most spectacular and thrilling of all aquatic spectacles unless he has seen a real race between the old time clipper ships.

Perhaps the greatest race of this character ever sailed, and one which is frequently referred to at the present time by British seamen of the old school whenever ocean racing is talked of among them, was the remarkable battle between the three big square-riggers Bythwood, Arlie and Balloch Myle, all flying the British flag, over the course from Calcutta to Dundee, and which was won by the first named vessel making the passage around the Cape of Good Hope in ninety-eight days.

I was third mate in the Arlie, which came in a close second, being only three days behind the winner, and that was time lost by putting into the island of St. Helena for repairs after passing through the darkest squall that I have ever experienced at sea.

The Balloch Myle was badly whipped, as she did not turn up until twenty days after we had made port.

The race had been in preparation for months before the start, and was thoroughly known in marine circles both in India and the British Isles, and resulted in many thousand pounds changing hands after the finish.

It would have cleaned out our crew entirely had we not helped, so to speak, by having on a crew of boys with the last ship's crew, and helped save us to some extent, but the poor fellows in the Balloch Myle did not draw a pound among them for the work of the long voyage.

It was a gala day in Calcutta on Jan. 15, 1855, and the wharves and shores were lined with spectators, who shouted and cheered as we started on the long tow of ninety miles down the Hooghly River to its mouth.

The three big sailing ships were almost all beamed at when the tugs cast off their hawsers and left us making sail with a light breeze blowing from astern.

It sent a thrill of pride and joy to the hearts of all of us to see to the way the men got about to loose the hawsers, and then come down on the halyards and the heavy yards shot up the masts. And while they sheeted



CAPT. C. A. BARTLETT

entirely figured that he was far enough ahead to make up the windward distance and cross our bow. Accordingly he came over on port tack and headed for us.

As the Bythwood bore down on us it was hard to tell which one had the best of it. At one spell it looked as though she might make it. But being on starboard tack and having right of way, we held on our course until the decisive moment. The Bythwood was not more than a dozen ship's lengths to leeward of us when it was plain that she could not make it, and was compelled to go over on the other tack right under our lee.

As we shot by while her sails were aback we could hear plainly the "main-top!" hail" order from her captain, and while we all shouted derisively at this failure to score a point our captain sarcastically followed:

"Do you want a tow?"

Such manoeuvres were frequent while we remained in company during the first eighteen days of the marvelous passage, and then a blow came on in which we all three separated and were not together again until the end of the voyage.

We carried sails at that time which are never seen in these days. Including aye's and even moon's, and some that are not even heard of now. These were bonnets and the Jimmy Green Bonnets were crescent shaped and set from the foot of the courses when both sheets were aft and down almost to the deck while the Jimmy Green was a triangular shaped piece of canvas set from the end of the flying jibboom to the dolphin striker like an inverted Jib. These we used in the light trades, and what a sight she was with everything set and drawing!

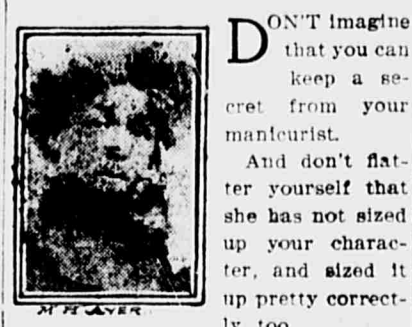
Well, we felt that we had met our Waterloo when we got into that squall off the Cape in February. Southeast busters we call them.

A black spot appeared on the horizon in the southeast, and as it approached we stood by to let go sheets and halyards after the light sails were clewed up. You can't tell until they strike whether they are wind or only rain squalls, but that one proved to be wind and plenty of it right from the jump. It hit us with such force that almost before the sheets had been started the sails were beginning to go.

While blowing the fiercest, the wind suddenly veered around to the north-west, and then there was hell.

It did not last more than forty minutes all told, but when the wind slackened we did not have a piece of canvas aloft big enough to make a sailor's jacket.

We bent on the extra suit of sails which we carried and made it up the west coast to St. Helena, where we made the fatal error of putting into that port expecting to repair. But after dickering around for three days we had to come away with only a case of whiskey and a rock from the grave of Napoleon. I believe today that if we had kept on to Dundee with what sail we had we would have been the winner of the greatest ocean race on record.

THE MANICURE GIRLS HAVE A COMPLETE  
CODE OF SIGNALSBy  
Margaret  
Hubbard  
Ayer

**D**ON'T imagine that you can keep a secret from your manicurist.

And don't flatter yourself that she has not sized up your character, and sized it up pretty correctly, too.

Likewise, be sure that if you have any fobles—if you are stingy with your tips, rude or overbearing, or self-important—every other girl in the shop knows it as well as the girl who is clipping your nails.

Every manicurist has a system of signals by which she conveys her impression of the customer she is attending to the other girls and to the owner of the shop.

"That's what makes business so interesting to us," a soft-eyed and very experienced wielder of the file told me yesterday.

"And it would be really too dull if when we found out curious things about people we couldn't pass it on to the girl at the next table."

"What do your signals consist of?" I asked.

"Well, I'd hate to give away the code," drawled the girl, "but, anyhow, the code's different in every shop. You see, sometimes it is really necessary to get rid of a customer politely; for there

## CUSTOMERS DISSECT THEIR HAIR

TIPS, WHIMS AND TIPS  
TOLD ALL OVER THE SHOP

NOTE THE ARCHED EYEBROW  
"A COMPLAINING CUSTOMER"

kind by never waiting upon them more than the first time.

"A man of the hand holding variety will drag along and get you to work on his hands twice as long as you would

on anybody else's. The man who came in just before you was that kind. I had to stop several times to fix my hair and fuss with my pompadour. In fact, the rude thing asked me what was the matter with it, and told me it looked very pretty the way it was. He didn't know that that continual fussing with the hair showed every girl in the room that the customer took up a lot of time and gave no tips. He'll know the next time he comes here, because we'll all be too busy to wait on him."

"But supposing you are not busy when he comes in?" I asked.

"Then we just say we have appointments to manicure customers at their homes, and get out of it that way. There are other people we have to get rid of, too. The owner of the shop doesn't care about the custom of the woman who wants to get waited upon before it's her turn. Usually she has made such a fuss before she gets to the

A woman who owns a manicure parlor right off Fifth avenue, and whose customers belong to the nicest of old New York people, says that the manicurist gains an insight into people's characters, into their lives, loves, hopes and ambitions, that is sometimes appalling.

"I think it speaks very well for the girls in the saloons and file business that they really are seldom the cause of any trouble arising from gossip. It's extraordinary how people will talk when they're having their hands manicured."

"Take a pretty girl and set her to work filing away at a man's nails. No matter how discreet and sensible a business man he may be, in a very little while she knows more about his life than any of his ordinary friends do. Confidence seems to ooze out of the finger tips."

"He may scarcely know her name, and probably never sees her outside of the shop, but she knows all about his domestic troubles, not that he has said anything about his wife—he's far too loyal—but from his almost impersonal conversation she makes her deductions, and her conclusions are almost always right."

"The manicurist is a good deal of a palimpsest—no joke intended—and in many years of experience—I've been at it fifteen years now—I can tell a man and a woman's character by the hands and the state of their health by the condition of the skin and nails."

"How would you signal that a person was not in good health if you wanted to convey it to one of the other people in the room?" I asked.

"Well, it would depend entirely upon what was the trouble. And, anyhow, that is hardly a thing we would signal around the room. If you look over there in the corner where the girl is polishing the gray headed man's nails



"SHE WANTS TO MARRY ME"

able that the preceding customer was annoyed and the manager has been called to explain to her. With a customer like that it's only necessary to raise your eyebrow when you catch the eye of the girls at the other tables, and they're on."

"Supposing you have a customer that you really like to wait on personally?"

"Well, then we spend a good deal of time on the customer, change the water extra often and signal to the girls by dropping the handkerchief, which



"AN EASY MARK"

and tapping her foot gently on the floor. You see the signal for a hurry customer who is good pay, but makes the girls nervous by being in such a rush. They do good work when they hurry like that, and they don't like to wait upon such customers; for an expert manicurist takes as much pride in her work as any other kind of an artist."

In real life, however, when she is a successful manicure, she's a very practical and common sense person, and has to concentrate her mind as closely on her work as if she were employed in what is called a more mental occupation.

A pretty blond girl, whose manicure table is on Twenty-ninth street near the corner of Broadway, where interesting things happen on the street every moment, is so intent upon her work that she never has time even to look out upon the passing show through the window before which she works.

"How do you signal that you are tired?" she was asked.

"But there was no signal for that."

## Who Is Master of the House?

By Helen Oldfield.

**C**USTOM and tradition for many ages have ordained that the husband shall be the head of the house, and the ordinance, like most of those long established, has its root in the fitness of things. But it is of much importance that the man shall be able to rule wisely, firmly and well, which comparatively few men are. Just and gentle government, which has at heart the best interests of all concerned, is one thing; the domestic tyranny, selfish and exacting, is quite another. There never was any woman, save a fool, who did not enjoy being thus governed by the man whom she loved and to whom she was proud to look up, whose love was the crown of her life.

Many women fail to get their own by asking for it; whether humbly or aggressively, matters but little. The sensible method is to take it cheerfully and naturally, assuming as a matter of course that one's husband, being the dearest and best of men, is above all things, anxious that his wife shall be happy and comfortable. However, it should not be forgotten that this applies to minor matters alone, never to anything of which the wife has cause to think that her husband will disapprove. Men hate to be bothered about little things and will surrender much when they are not disturbed or annoyed by the concession, of which, indeed, they are often unconscious.

Another reason why women fail in managing men is because they are inopportune and inopportune. They ask at the wrong time, in the wrong way, and, not seeing their mistake, persist when it is useless, instead of retreating in good order to try again at a more convenient season. There is an infinite deal in knowing the psychological moment and seizing it gently and firmly.

When a man is not indulgent to his wife usually it is not her fault; the exceptions are the ill tempered, cantankerous men, who ought never to marry; men who, the more submissive their women, become the more tyrannical. With such men a woman had best assert herself boldly if she can. It is a case like that of which Julien Gordon tells in a story of the slams, in which a street arab says of his father's second marriage: "Pop uster lick mom, but Maggie kin lick him, and so we has peace in de family."—Chicago Tribune.

Betty  
Vincent's  
Advice on  
Courtship  
and Marriage.

## A Question of Age.

**W**HEN being married is one's age investigated, or do they take your word for it.

B. C.

Unless one looks under the age limit, that is, eighteen for a girl and twenty-one for a boy, the age is not investigated.

## He Blushes Readily.

**I** AM nineteen and like the girls very much, but whenever I am in company with them I always blush at the slightest remark to me. How can I overcome this. It is very annoying and has spoiled many an evening for me.

B. C.

You blush because you are self-conscious. Forget yourself in entertaining the girls and you will soon stop blushing.

## Do Not Marry Him.

**I** AM twenty and am engaged to a man twenty-five years my senior. I do not know whether I love him, but as he is extremely wealthy, I think he would make a very desirable husband. Is it better to be an old man's darling than a young man's slave? Kindly advise me what to do, as my mother does not approve of the marriage on account of the difference in our ages.

B. C.

If you do not love the man do not marry him. It is better to be an old man's darling than a young man's slave. Kindly advise me what to do, as my mother does not approve of the marriage on account of the difference in our ages.

## Funny Stories Told Around Town : This One Is About the : By Gordon Nye



YES MOTHER  
NOW WILLIE, THE BISHOP WILL DINE HERE TONIGHT. BE A GOOD BOY AND I WILL BUY YOU A HORSE AND WAGON.  
SO GLAD TO SEE YOU BISHOP  
OH DEAR! I WONDER?  
NO THANK YOU, I DO NOT EAT OYSTERS BREEDS TYPHOID YOU KNOW.  
WHY SON!  
NEVER MIND MOTHER, ABOUT THE HORSE AND WAGON. JUST ASK THE OLD GEEZER IF HE CAN SUCK AN EGG.  
NO THANKS! SOUPS ARE SO FATTENING.  
NO THANK YOU, I NEVER EAT MEAT IT CONTAINS SO MUCH ACID.